



"Well that's the last straw! Gwan' out an' put on a uniform we know we're playing a ten men team!"



"Hay! Y' lumber-head! Y' got some voice but y' ain't got nothing else! Don't scratch yer head or you'll get yer fingers full o' splinters!"
 "Help! Help! Say y' big crook! Remember yer bein' paid by the League, not the home team!"



"Oh! You poor nut! I got a three-year old Kid out at my house that'll teach y' the rules if y' come out t'night!"

"Oh! You horse thief! What d'ye want him t' do, bring the ball up and lay it against the boob's bat? Whut're y' standin' behind the bat for? Why don't y' sit in the shade in the grandstand? Y' can call 'em the way you do just as well from there!"

"The Umps"

ONE REASON WHY
BASEBALL IS A GREAT SPORT.
Sketches from life by
Westerman.

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When these are the kind of arguments used do you wonder that an umpire never changes a decision.
 "Y' big prune! I touched 'im when he was thirty feet from d' bag!"
 "Y' wasn't lookin' this way—!"
 "—?—! I had been settin' on d' bag fer ten minutes wen he walks over an' touches me!"



First Fan:—"You oughtn't to insult the umpire!" Second Fan:—"Hay! Where d'ye get that stuff. Y' can't insult an umpire!"



A player on the bench will get ten times as excited as those in the game. Call the umpire everything in the "Awful Dictionary" and he knows he doesn't hear a word.



There really is something very pathetic about the figure of the "umps" standing out there alone without a friend on the lot or a word of praise for him; whom none ever thinks of except to hoot or pan.



Kid:—"Here y'are! Rules and guide book!"
 Fan:—"Here! I'll take one! I wanna give it to the 'umps'." Other Fan:—"Yer wastin' yer money, bo! He won't understand 'em!"



Our idea of wasting life—
The cussers chorus trying to make an "umps" change a decision.



When the "umps" starts to dust off home plate then you know the argument is ended and you might just as well go way back and sit down.